

and

WESTERN ADVENTURES

# TIM HOLT

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

NOV.-DEC.

10c





# TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



In hot pursuit of the badmen, Tim blazes away with his six-gun as Chito starts to draw iron.



Tim Holt chuckles (probably at something Chito said) as he reads his own magazine.



The roundup over, Tim and Chito chat with Nan Leslie.



Tim corners a villainous cowhand and makes him squeal on his gang.



# TIM HOLT

WHEN A BAND OF STRIKE-AND-RUN RUSTLERS ADD A NEW FILLIP TO THEIR BANDIT BREW, THEY BRING A BITTER DRINK OF TROUBLE TO TIM HOLT'S HOME RANGE. BEFORE TIM CAN FIND THE ANTIDOTE TO THIS PRAIRIE POISON, HE HAS TO BECOME—  
**THE RAMROD OF RUSTLER RANGE!**

FRANK BOLLE

IT IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT BENEATH A FULL MOON AS TIM AND CHITO CANTER THEIR HORSES HOMEWARD THROUGH THE BLACK MESAS...

A BIG HERD IS MOVING THIS WAY, CHITO. THAT'S ODD!

NOTHING ODD ABOUT EET, TIM. LOTS RANCHERS MOVE CATTLE AT NIGHT.

CLUTCHING THEIR MOUNTS' NOSTRILS TO PREVENT A BETRAYING WHINNY, TIM AND CHITO MOVE BACK INTO A CLUMP OF MESQUITE.

WE JUST CAME THROUGH THE NAKED PLAINS. THERE'S NO GRASS THERE TO PASTURE A TRAIL HERD.

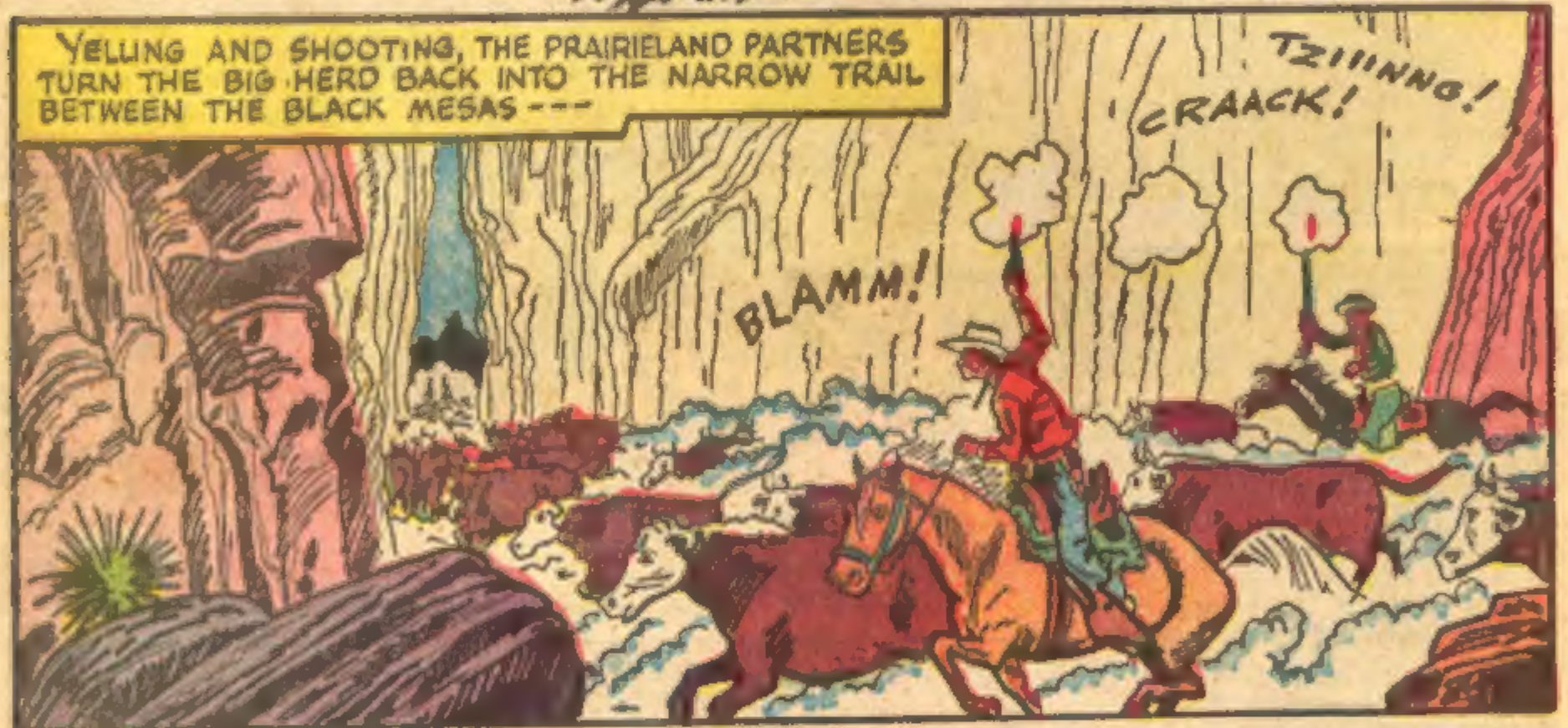
HO-HO! EES THAT YOU THEENK EES FONNY BUSINESS, HAH?

I'LL SAY IT'S FUNNY BUSINESS! SEE THAT T BAR H BRAND? THOSE ARE OUR CATTLE, CHITO!





# TIM HOLT









# TIM HOLT

SOME MINUTES LATER...

COUPLE OF DOZEN BOLTS OF THAT FLANNEL, TWO DOZEN PAIR OF BLUE LEVIS, AND ALL THE COTTON YOU HAVE!

COTTON? WHAT YUH GONNA DO, TIM - GO INTO THE MATTRESS BUSINESS?

HELP ME DRAG THIS STUFF INTO THE HOUSE, CHITO. THE BOYS MAY NOT BE ABLE TO RIDE, BUT THEY CAN DO SOME STITCHING FOR ME!



AND WHEN THE STITCHING IS DONE, AND TIM AND CHITO RIDE HERD THAT NIGHT ---

FROM A DISTANCE, THESE DUMMIES LOOK LIKE COWBOYS RIDING HERD. IF WE CAN FOOL THE OWLHOOTS INTO THINKING WE HAVE PLENTY OF MEN, THEY'LL TACKLE THE OTHER RANCHES...

THE OTHER RANCHES HAVE ALL THE REAL STRENGTH. WHEN THE RUSTLERS TACKLE THEM, THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION!

HIGH IN THE HILLS...

I'LL BE DOGGONED! I WONDERED WHERE HOLT WAS GETTIN' ALL THEM GUNHANDS. NO WONDER! THEY'RE DUMMIES!



BUT AS TIM SPEAKS, ONE OF THE ROPES ON A DUMMY SLIDES DOWN...



HE TRICKED US GOOD!

LUCKY THING THAT ROPE SLIPPED AN' THE DUMMY TUMBLED OUT OF THE SADDLE!

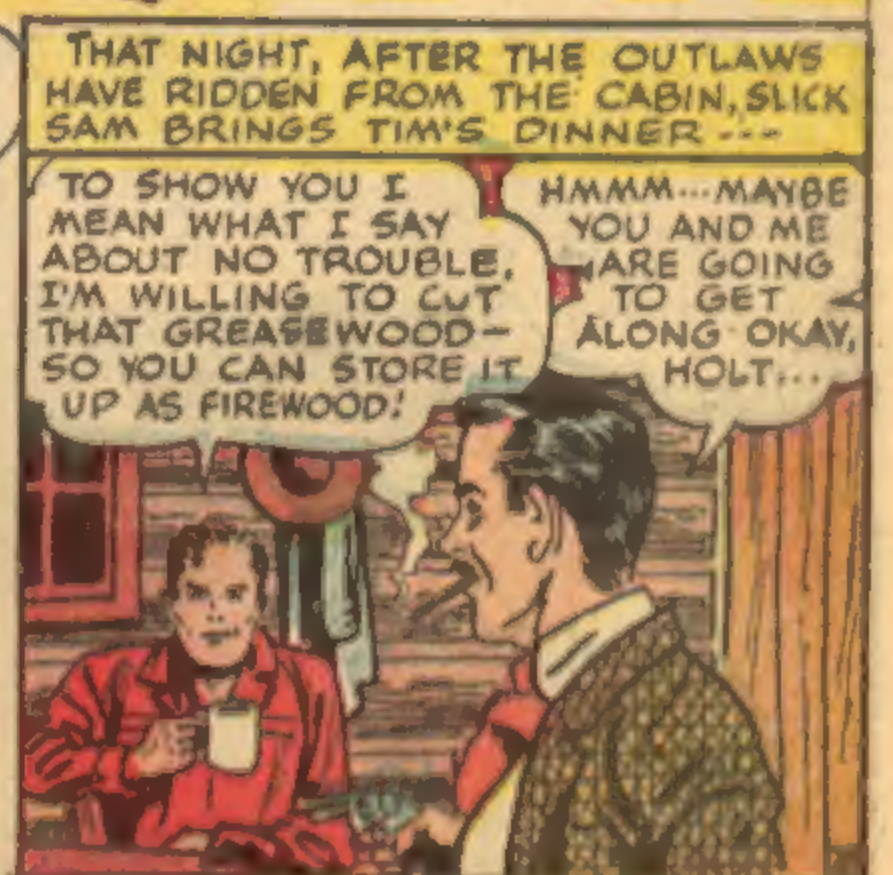
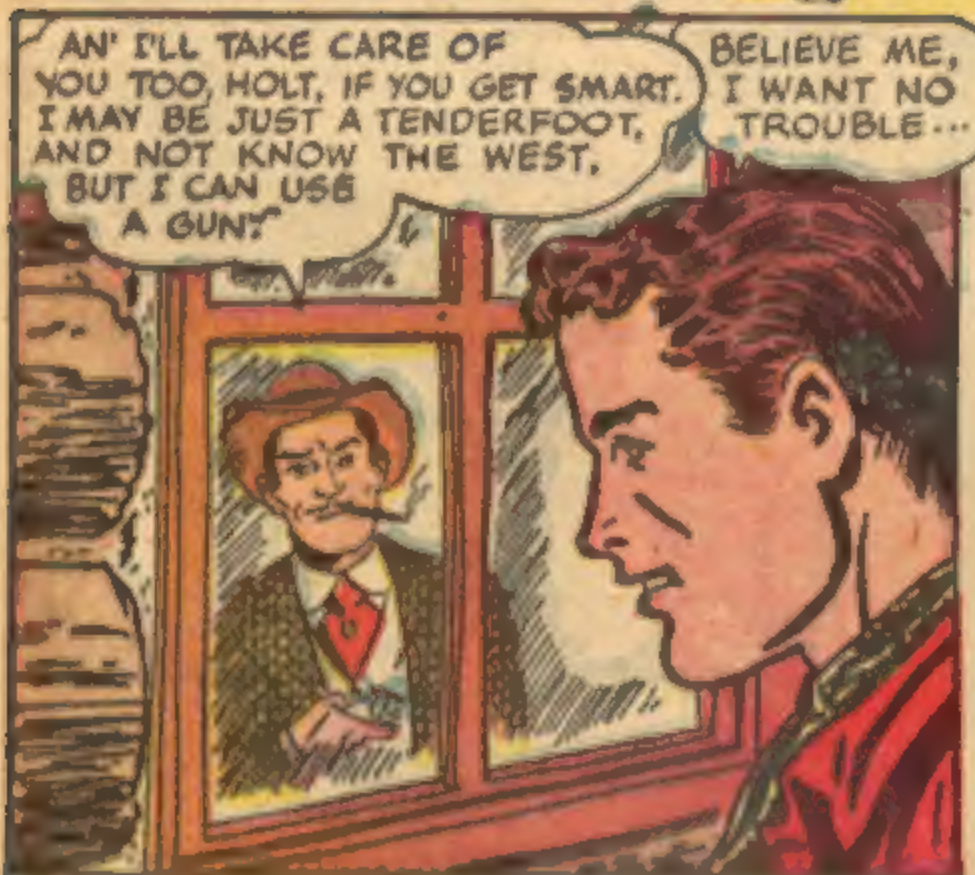
IT DIDN'T WORK! CHITO - AND WE'RE ONLY TWO AGAINST TWENTY!

EEES BETTER PLAY THEES SMART, TIM.. AN' RON!





# TIM HOLT



GRRYAAA!

YOU MURDERING RATS! CHITO, CHITO!

AS TIM WHIRLS, A RIFLE CRACKS DOWN AGAINST HIS HEAD ---

UGGGH!

TIM OPENS HIS EYES, HOURS LATER, IN A STRANGE CABIN HIGH IN THE FOOTHILLS ---

YUH WOKE UP JUST IN TIME, HOLT. WE'RE HEADIN' OUT TO MAKE THE LAST CLEAN SWEEP OF THIS RANGE!

WE PICKED YORE RANCH CLEAN. PAY-ROLL AND CATTLE BOTH!

WHEN TH' OTHER RANCHERS GO BACK TO THEIR OWN SPREADS. WE'LL MAKE ONE MORE HAUL. IN THE MEANTIME, YUH CAN STAY HERE - WITH SLICK SAM TO GUARD YUH!

YUH SIGNAL US BY BURN-IN' UP THE GREASEWOOD AROUND HERE. IT BLAZES LIKE SIXTY. KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THE RIDERS TO SCATTER, AN' LET US KNOW!

I SURE WILL!

AN' I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TOO, HOLT, IF YOU GET SMART. I MAY BE JUST A TENDERFOOT, AND NOT KNOW THE WEST, BUT I CAN USE A GUN!

BELIEVE ME, I WANT NO TROUBLE...

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE OUTLAWS HAVE RIDDEN FROM THE CABIN, SLICK SAM BRINGS TIM'S DINNER ---

TO SHOW YOU I MEAN WHAT I SAY ABOUT NO TROUBLE, I'M WILLING TO CUT THAT GREASEWOOD - SO YOU CAN STORE IT UP AS FIREWOOD!

HMMM...MAYBE YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO GET ALONG OKAY, HOLT...



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

THE FIRST RED STREAKS OF THE ARIZONA DAWN LIGHT UP THE RANCH YARD AS TIM REINS IN LIGHTNING---

FROM SLASH BOX AND BAR 7. FROM GOOSE-EGG AND RAFTER HAT, THE VENGEFUL RIDERS GATHER TO FOLLOW TIM INTO THE HILLS---

TIM, YOU ARE BACK!

I SEE YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM YOUR WOUND, CHITO! GOOD BOY. LET'S GET THE RANCHERS! I KNOW WHERE THE OUTLAWS HAVE HOLDO OUT...

THE RUSTLERS WILL HIGHTAIL IT TO THE CABIN TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG. WHEN THEY GET THERE-- THEY'LL FIND US WAITING FOR THEM!

IT'S HOLT! HE'S COME BACK--

AN' BROUGHT THE RANCHERS WITH HIM!

YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED! QUIT NOW TO SAVE YOUR LIVES!

WE GIVE UP!

YUH GOT US!

WHERE ARE THE CATTLE YOU RUSTLED, AND THE MONEY YOU STOLE?

THE CATTLE ARE IN THE CANYON BEYOND BLUE RIDGE. YUH CAN ROUND 'EM UP ANY TIME. THE MONEY'S IN A FLOOR CACHE IN THE STABLE...

LOOKS AS THOUGH RUSTLER'S RANGE IS JUST A MEMORY, CHITO. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET OUR HERDS AND PAYROLL, FIX UP THE BOYS, AND WE'RE AS GOOD AS EVER...

The End



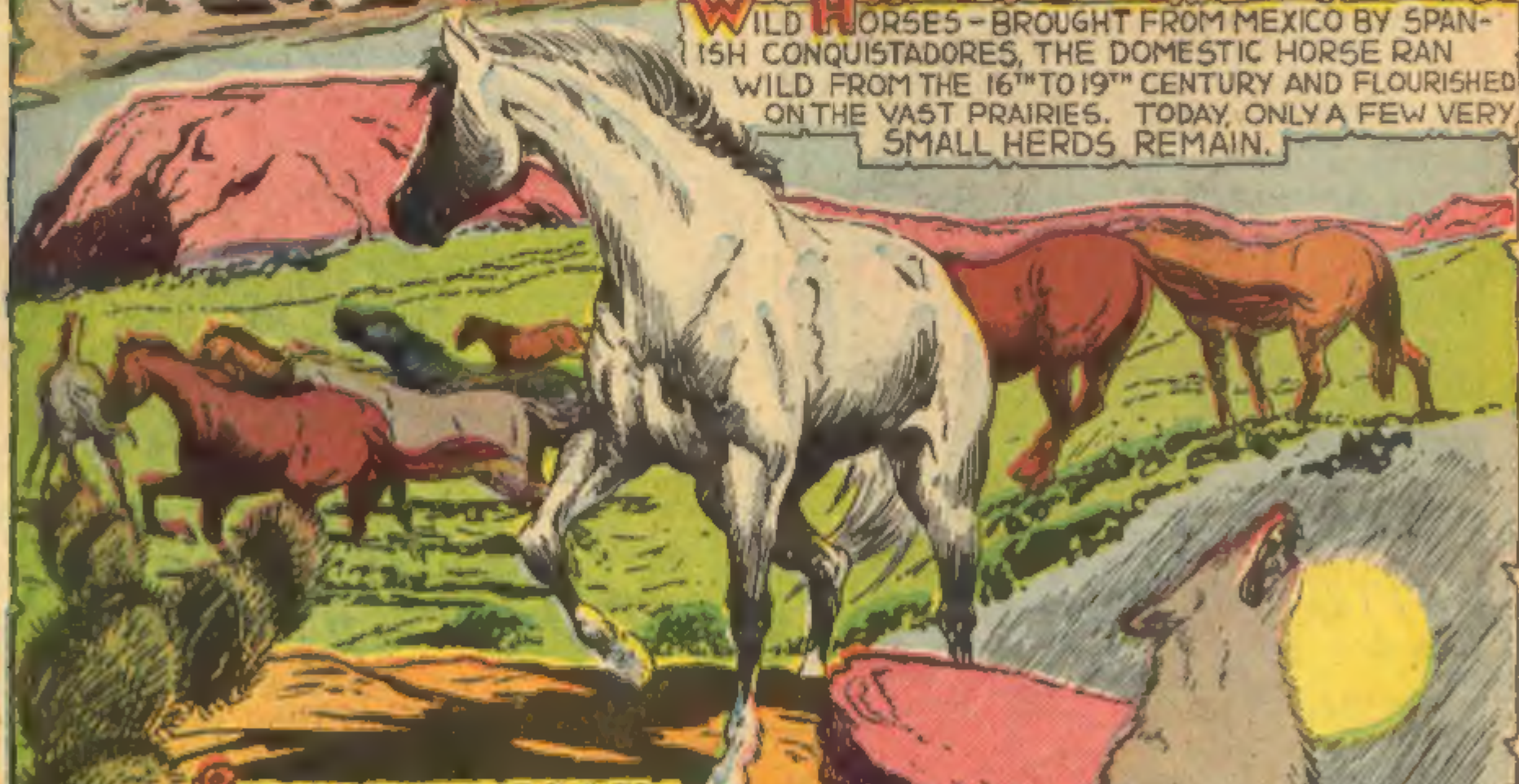


# TIM HOLT'S ROUNDUP

**S**TAGE COACH - THE WEST AND THE STAGE ARE INSEPARABLE. IT IS PROPERLY CALLED A CONCORD COACH AND WAS DRAWN BY SIX HORSES. HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS WERE OFTEN ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT.



**W**ILD HORSES - BROUGHT FROM MEXICO BY SPANISH CONQUISTADORES, THE DOMESTIC HORSE RAN WILD FROM THE 16<sup>TH</sup> TO 19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY AND FLOURISHED ON THE VAST PRAIRIES. TODAY, ONLY A FEW VERY SMALL HERDS REMAIN.



**B**RANDS - MARKS OF OWNERSHIP MADE WITH HOT BRANDING IRONS AND KNIFE. MARK ALSO MIGHT BE NOTCH CUT IN EAR OR ROLL OF SKIN.

Y E U T X Z  
A U Y T N-N  
Y U Y T N-N

(ACTUAL FAMOUS OLD-TIME BRANDS.)

**C**OYOTE - A MEMBER OF THE WOLF FAMILY. ITS' MOURNFUL HOWLS SEND SHIVERS DOWN THE BACKS OF TENDER- FEET. IT IS A SCAVENGER, WITH A PRICE ON ITS' HEAD.



# TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

IT WAS ONLY A  
WOODEN STATUE CARVED  
OUT OF ALDERWOOD,  
BUT THE FATE OF  
THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT  
PEOPLE WAS LOCKED  
WITHIN ITS GAUDILY  
PAINTED EXTERIOR.  
WHEN IT FELL INTO  
TIM HOLT'S HANDS,  
IT WAS TO PAVE THE  
WAY FOR —

"TIM HOLT'S  
LAST RIDE!"

TIM HOLT AND  
HIS PRAIRIE-LAND  
PARTNER, CHITO  
JOSE GONZALES  
BUSTAMONTE  
RAFFERTY, PAUSE  
OUTSIDE A CURIO  
SHOP IN THE  
RAIL'S-END TOWN  
OF ABILENE...

MIGHTY FANCY  
CARRYING ON THAT  
RAIN GOD TOTEM,  
CHITO!

MAKE  
NICE  
PIECE FOR  
MANTLE IN  
RANCHHOUSE,  
NO?

IT'S CHEAP  
FOR FIVE  
CARTWHEELS,  
STRANGER!

DON'T WRAP  
IT UP I'LL  
STICK IT  
IN MY CHAPS  
POCKET.

BEHIND TIM, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN WITH A CRASH!

OHMM! THAT STATUE!  
DID YOU BUY IT?

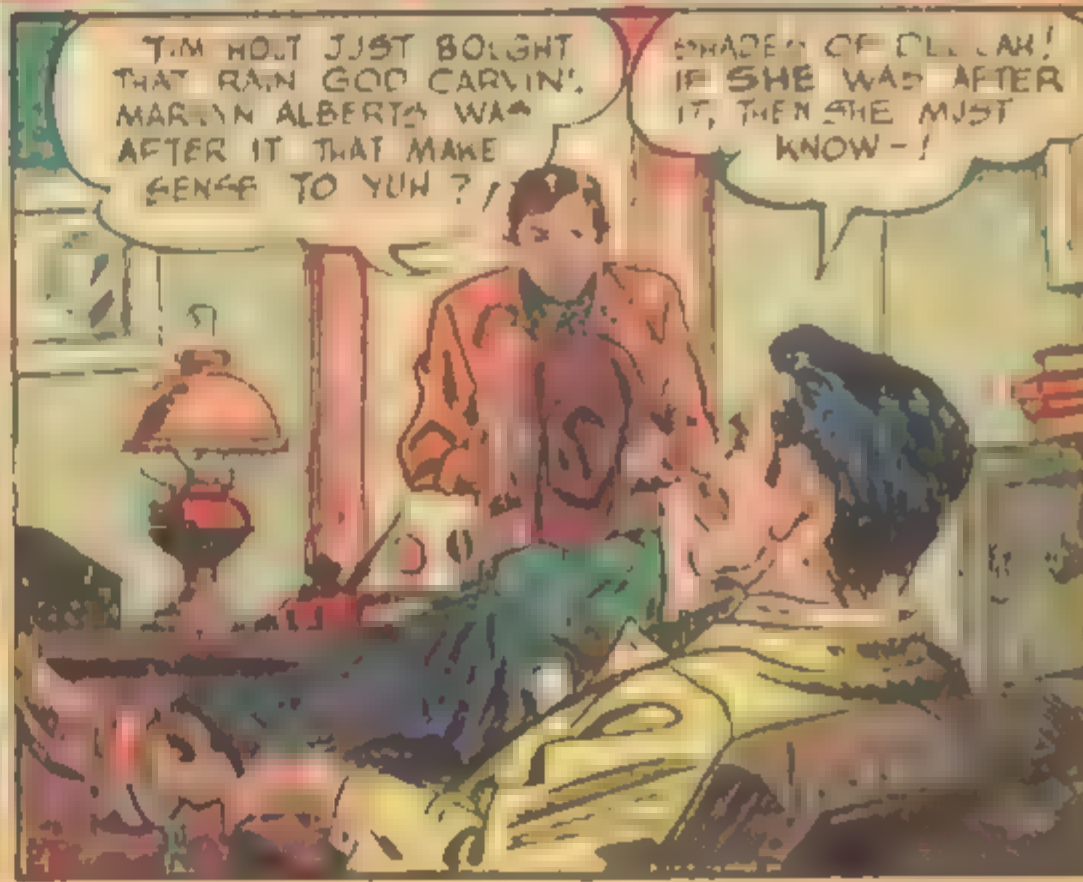
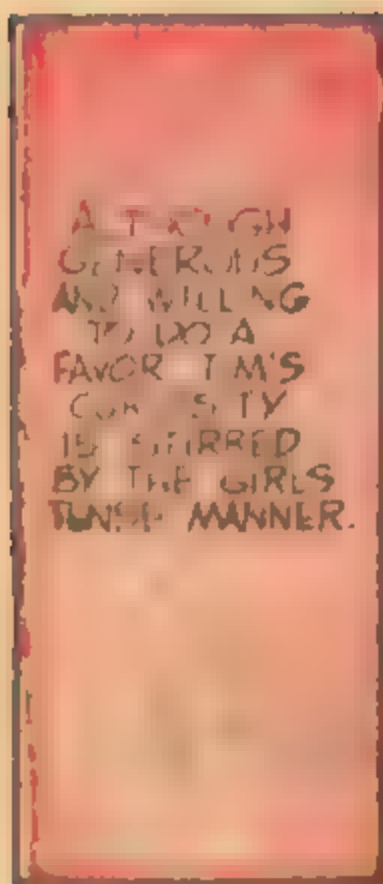
GUESS I DID, MISS  
ARE YOU INTERESTED  
IN IT?

YES, YES! I AM!  
YOU HAVE TO SELL  
IT TO ME!  
PLEASE!

BUT - WHY?

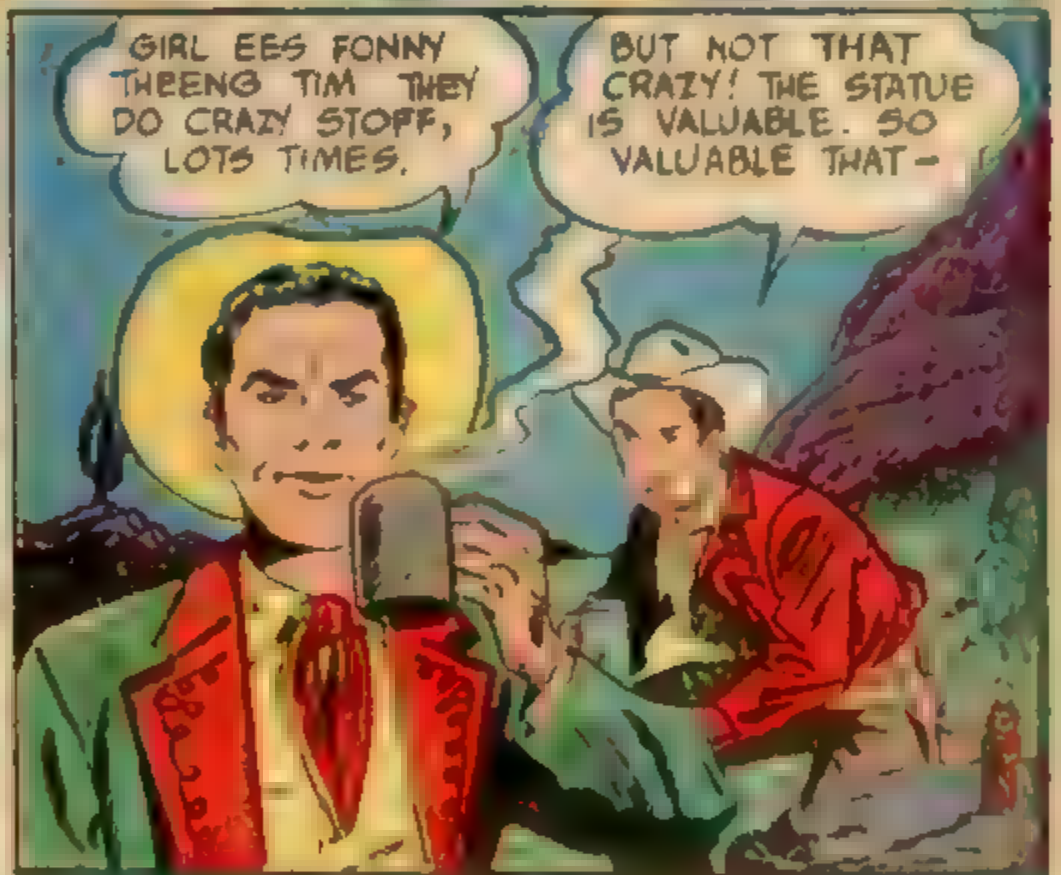


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT.





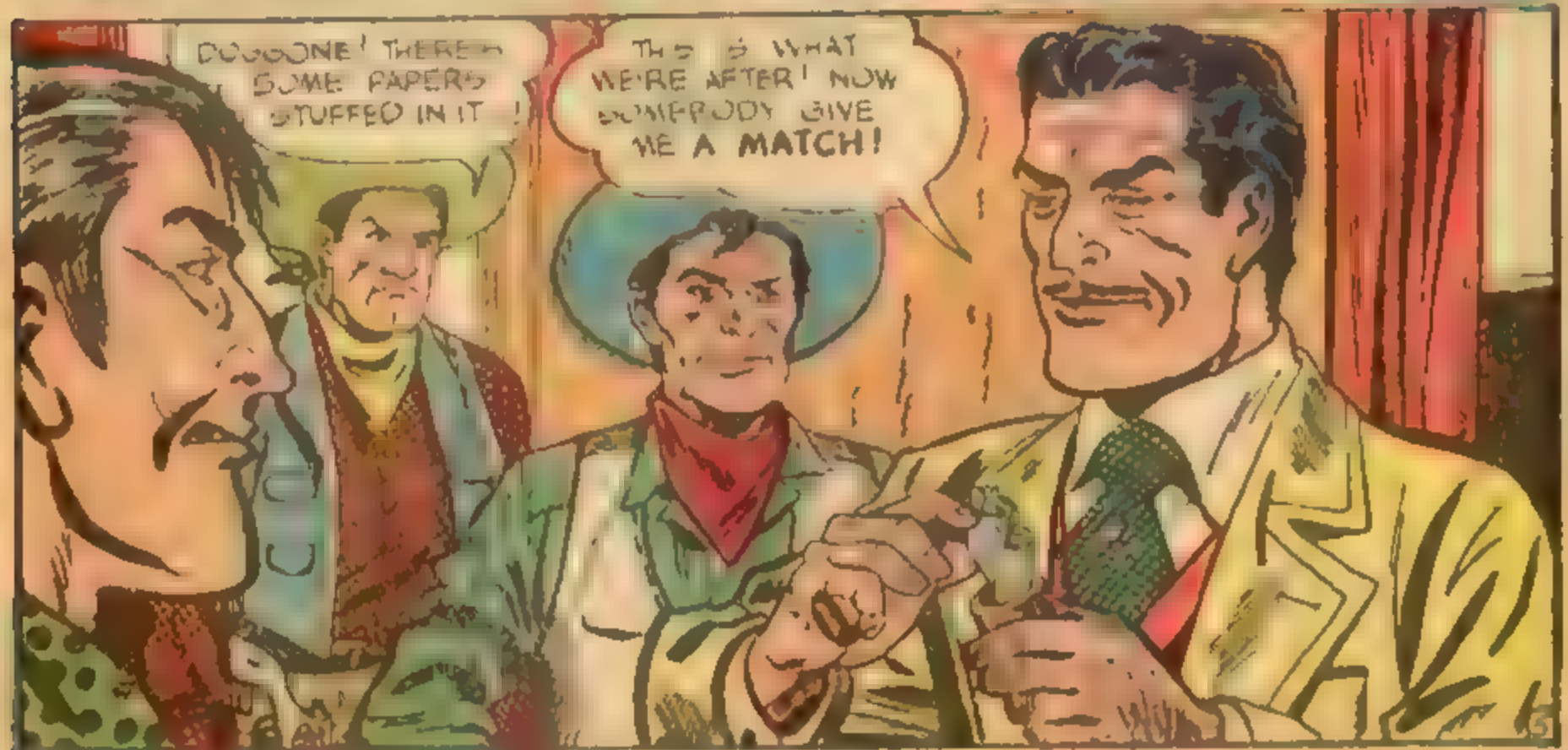
# TIM HOLT



AS TIM AND HIS MEN FIGHT BACK FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE ROCKS, THE ATTACKERS SUDDENLY CEASE FIRE...

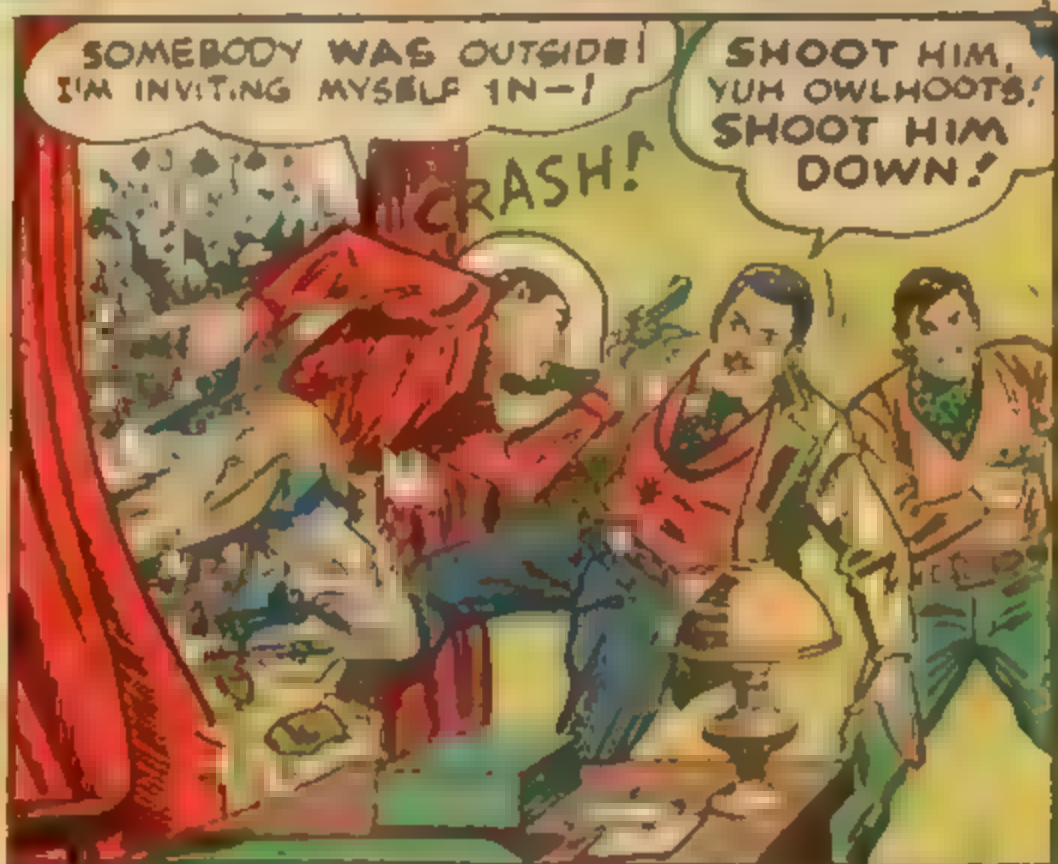
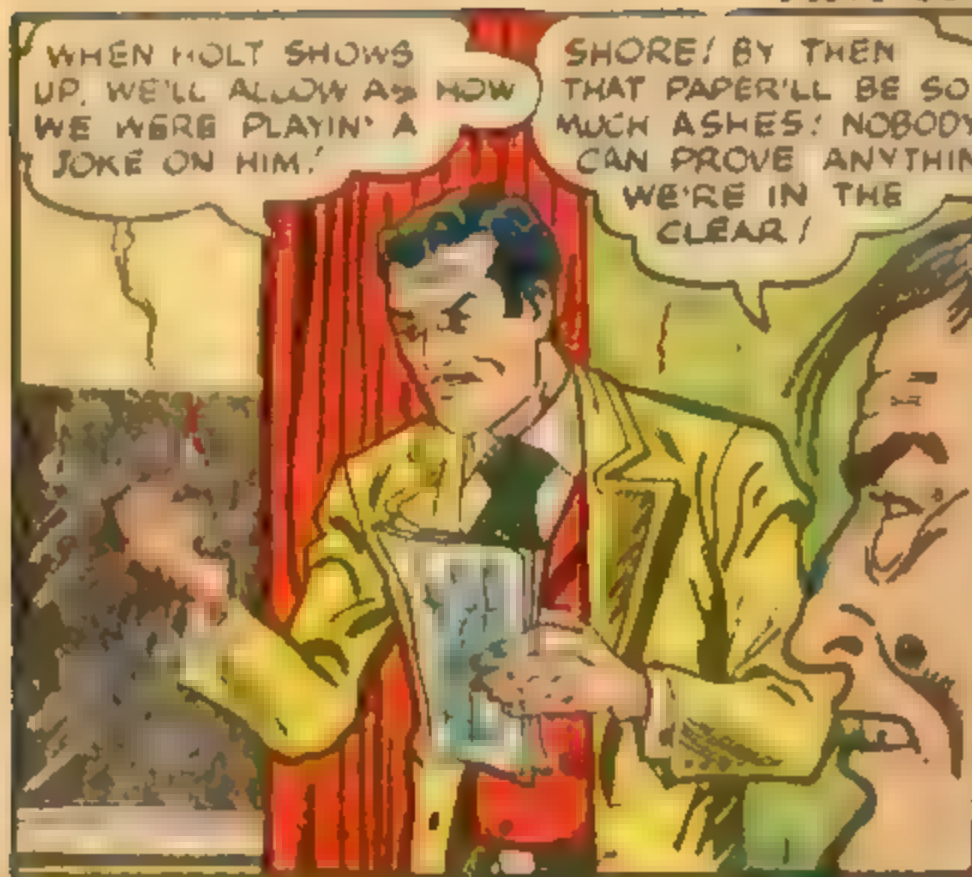


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



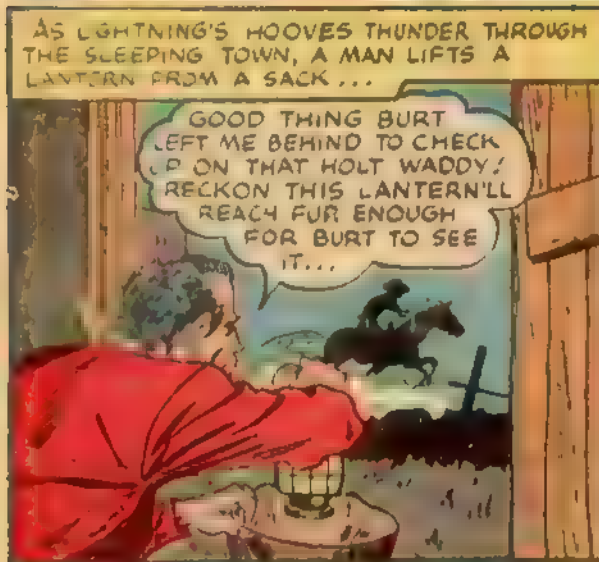
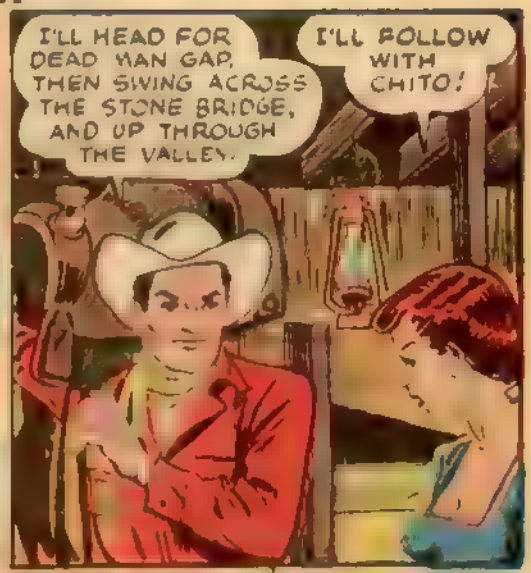
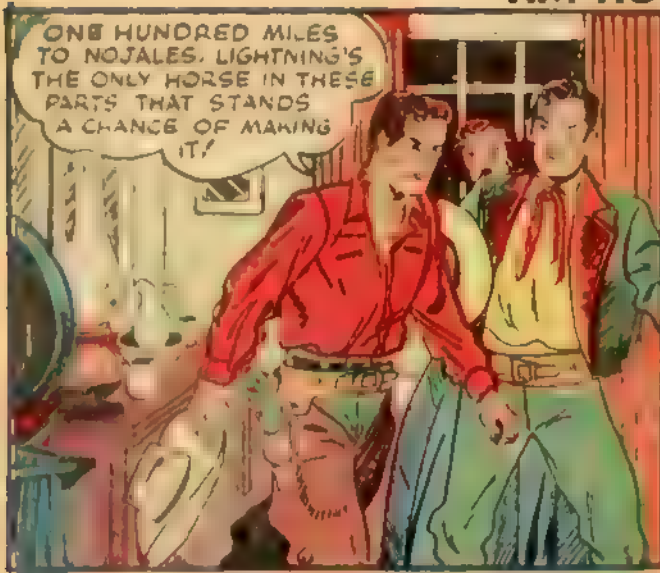


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

WE GOT A GOOD  
LEAD ON HOLT AN' THAT  
PALOMINO OF HIS. I AIM  
TO SET A FEW TRAPS FOR HIM.  
RECKON FOLKS WILL CALL THIS—  
"TIM HOLT'S LAST RIDE!"



SOME HOURS LATER, OUTSIDE DEAD MAN'S GAP...

WE'RE MAKING GOOD  
TIME LIGHTNING!



HERE HE COMES NOW,  
DUSTIN' UP THE TRAIL!  
ROLL THOSE ROCKS!

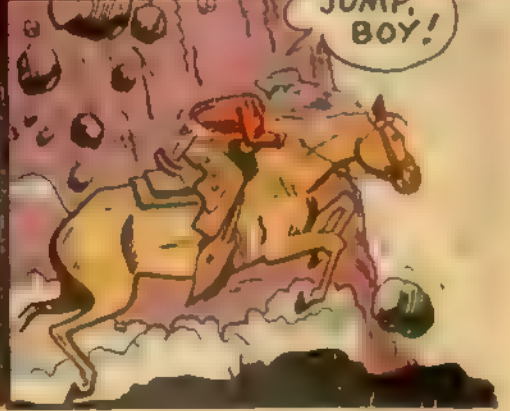
-PUFF-  
THEY'RE  
STARTIN'  
TO—  
COME  
LOOSE

TRAPPED!  
AND NO  
WAY  
OUT!

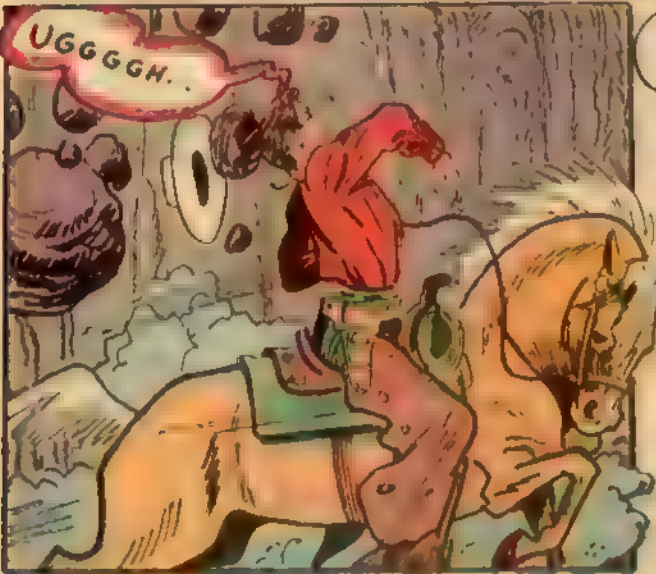


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE,  
LIGHTING FEELS THE JAB OF SPURS!  
AS THE BOULDERS THUNDER DOWN,  
THE GALLANT PALOMINO GIVES A  
MIGHTY LEAP!

JUMP,  
BOY!



UGGGGH.



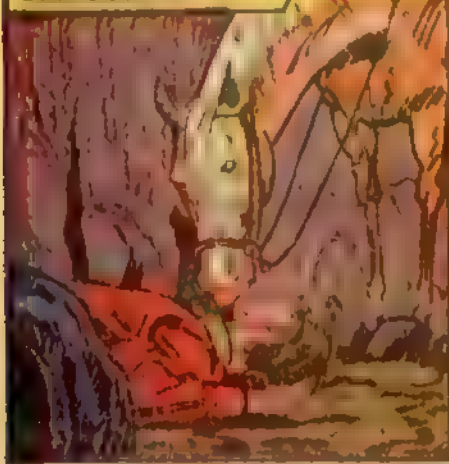
RECKON THAT ROCK DID  
THE JOB FOR US. I WON'T  
NEED MY WINCHESTER.  
HOLT'S FINISHED!





# TIM HOLT

FOR AN HOUR, TIM LIES HELPLESS WHILE THE THREATENING STORM GATHERS AND BREAKS IN A COLD BLAST...



WHE - WHERE AM I? AND... WHO AM I?



SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIM...

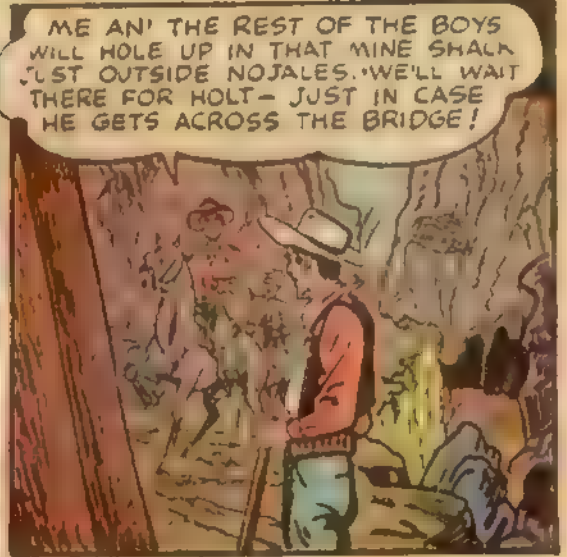
THEY TELL ME HOLT IS DONE FOR, BUT I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES. KNOCK OUT THOSE PROPS...



IF HE DOES COME RIDIN', ONE OF YER RANNIES KNOCK OUT TH' OTHER PROP. RECKON EVEN TIM HOLT CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WHEN THAT BRIDGE FALLS OUT FROM UNDER HIM.



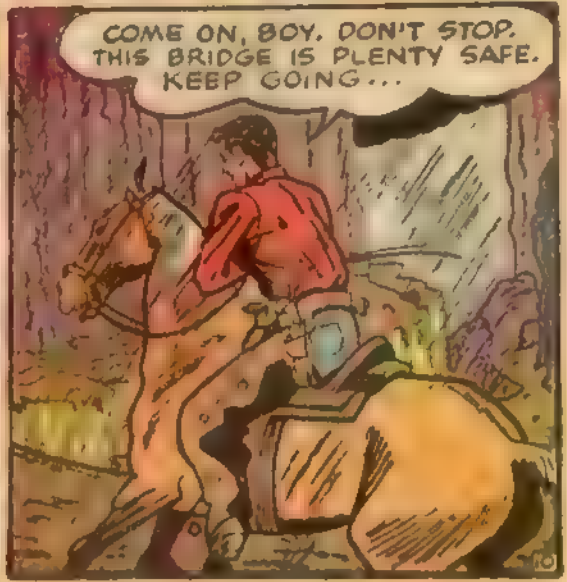
ME AN' THE REST OF THE BOYS WILL HOLE UP IN THAT MINE SHAFT JUST OUTSIDE NOJALES. WE'LL WAIT THERE FOR HOLT - JUST IN CASE HE GETS ACROSS THE BRIDGE!



DAZED, HIS MEMORY GONE, TIM HOLT RIDES BAREHEADED THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR.

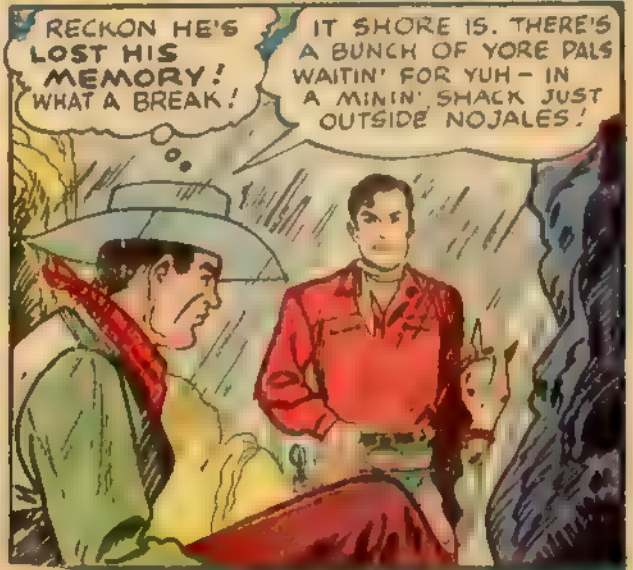
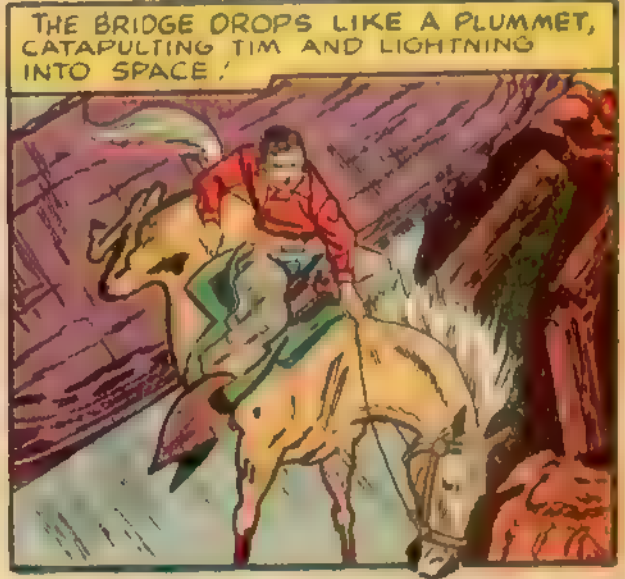


COME ON, BOY. DON'T STOP. THIS BRIDGE IS PLENTY SAFE. KEEP GOING...





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

SOME HOURS LATER,  
IN NOJALES ---

I FIXED THAT MAN  
UP AS BEST I COULD.  
I'LL SEND A DOCTOR BACK  
AFTER H. W. BUT FIRST-  
I WANT TO RECOVER  
MY MEMORY!

HERE HE COMES NOW!  
WHEN HE OPENS THAT DOOR,  
SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE  
YUH WOULD A DOG!

MEANWHILE, IN THE  
NOJALES COURTHOUSE---

I CAN'T WAIT  
ANY LONGER FOR  
THAT SO-CALLED  
LEGAL LAND  
GRANT!

BUT YOUR  
HONOR,  
I'VE BEEN  
ADVISED BY  
TELEGRAPH  
THAT TIM  
HOLT IS ON  
HIS WAY HERE  
WITH IT!

WE ONLY GOT EIGHT MINUTES BEFORE  
THOSE PAPERS GO INTO EFFECT.  
JUDGE THIS TALK THAT THEY'RE  
FORGED IS SILLY. SIGN 'EM, AND  
LET'S GET ON WITH SETTling  
THE TERRITORY!

UNAWARE THAT THE MINE SHACK IS  
FILLED WITH BURT CARMEN'S GUNMEN,  
TIM WALKS TOWARD IT...

THAT MAN BY THE  
BRIDGE SAID MY FRIENDS  
WERE IN THE SHACK.

BUT FRIENDS WOULDN'T  
WAIT FOR ME WITH GUNS  
IN THEIR HANDS!

HALF A BLOCK UP THE STREET---

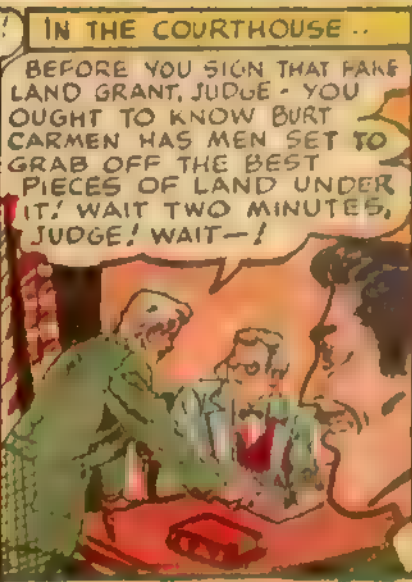
YOU'RE RIGHT, CARMEN.  
I'M GOING TO SIGN!

BUT,  
YOUR  
HONOR-

GO AHEAD,  
JUDGE!  
SIGN IT  
AND MAKE  
IT LEGAL!

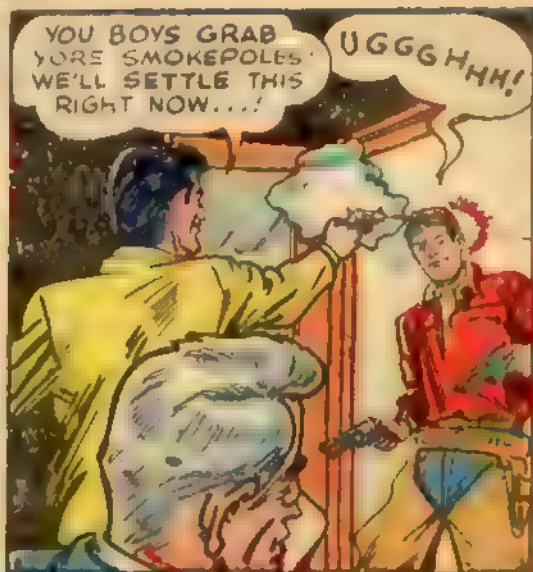
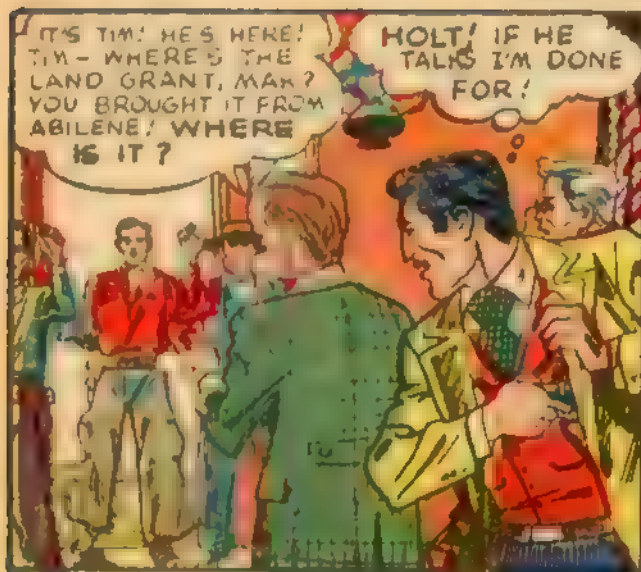


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



AS THE BULLET SMASHES A FURROW  
ACROSS HIS TEMPLE, TIM'S MIND CLEARS.  
HIS EYES SNAP ALERTLY WITH ANGER. HIS  
HANDS DART DOWN AND LIFT - - -



HERE ARE THE REAL LAND  
GRANT PAPERS, YOUR HONOR.  
THEY WERE STOLEN BY CARMEN  
FROM THE GOVERNMENT MESSENGER  
WHO WAS BRINGING THEM HERE.  
CARMEN FORGED THE FALSE  
ONES ON YOUR  
DESK!



CARMEN INTENDED TO DESTROY  
THE REAL PAPERS AFTER THE  
FALSE ONES WERE SIGNED.  
HE HID THEM IN A STATUETTE.  
ONLY MARILYN ALBERTS, WHO  
OVERHEARD HIS PLANS, KNEW  
ABOUT IT. JUST WHEN I BOUGHT  
THE STATUETTE, SHE CAME  
RUNNING IN...



BUT YOU FORCED THEIR HAND BY  
BUYING THAT STATUETTE! ALLOW  
ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU,  
HOLT. IT'S MEN LIKE YOU THAT  
ARE NEEDED TO MAKE THE  
WEST FLOWER!



TODAY, AN EMPTY  
STATUETTE STANDS  
ON THE MANTEL OF  
THE T-H RANCH.  
MUTE PROOF THAT  
A LAWMAN'S LEAD  
IS STRONGER THAN  
ANY OUTLAWS ...



# SIXGUNS AT SNAKE CAVE

IN Carter City they said, "No lawman will ever catch the Cactus Sam gang! They're too slick for any badge-wearer!"

In Cheyenne, the gossip was, "Cactus Sam will make ringtailed gila monsters out've anybody that makes tracks after him!"

Flip Carson knew all the range talk about the famous outlaw. But he had a job to do. The Chief Marshal had told him at the State capitol, "I hear Cactus Sam's in the hills back of Silver City. Flip! Go get him."

Just like that. Go get him! It was the way the federal marshals did things. Now, walking along the board walk in front of the Silver City music hall, Flip automatically eased his big Colts in their holsters. He did not expect to meet Sam in town, but he was ready.

He crossed the street to the tie-rail in front of the town's general store, where his white gelding was tethered. He checked his saddle rifle, a .44-.40, made sure his big canteen was filled with water. Then he swung the gunny-bag that was filled with tanned beef and flour and a few pounds of pork, over the cantle, and lashed it securely. Flip swung up into the saddle, check-reined his mount into the street.

He rode easily, unhurriedly. According to the reports from the sheriff, Cactus Sam and his bunch were in the foothills under Black Mesa, some miles south of Silver City. Less than a week ago, they had held up the Capitol stage and faded into the brush before a posse could be organized. They would hole up for a while, to let things blow over. One thing about Sam, he always played things safe.

Flip fixed his eyes on the dark, flattopped bulk of Black Mesa. Somewhere under its vast shadow, the outlaws lay hidden.

The overhead sun was baking-hot. His wide-brimmed Stetson sheltered his face, but his back and arms were sizzling. Flip wondered how the outlaws stood that heat, out in the bare foothills. There were big saguaro cacti, and clumps of lecheguilla, but no sheltering trees. There might be overhanging ledges of rock, but the big rattlesnakes usually lay on those, basking in the sun.

Flip reached the lower ridges of the hills before the scarlet sun disappeared below the horizon. He rigged a campfire and cooked his meal while there was still light enough to hide the blaze. Then he kicked the fire out, scattered sand over it, and walked a little distance from the tiny mound.

He hunkered down, scanning the horizon. The darkness came down and shrouded the cactus and the mesquite. Flip looked for betraying fires, soon gave up, and rolled himself in a blanket for the night.

The sharp crack of a rifle woke him, in the first, faint streaks of dawn. Flip rolled out of his blanket, his big hands moving automatically to his holstered Colts. The bullet from the rifle spatanged against a rock behind him.

Flip caught sight of a moving shadow. Guns in his hands, he ran toward a high, sandy ridge. From this vantage point he could see down into the wash. There was a man running toward him with a still-smoking rifle.

"Heads up, owlhoot!" snapped Flip.

The man looked up nervously. He cursed and lifted his Savage. His finger tightened.

The bullet fanned Flip's cheek as his own Colts flamed and bucked. The man in front of him collapsed from the waist, sharply doubling up, dropping the rifle and sliding down into the sand.

Flip slid down into the floor of the wash, holstering his guns. He turned the man over. "It's Slim of the Pecos. One of Cactus Sam's men," he muttered. "That means the others are somewhere around here. Probably close. He must've been coming in from Gunsight, and seen me sleeping."

He worried about the sounds of the gunfire, but there was no reaction to it. Flip went to the gelding and saddled it. He swung up into the kak and kneed the white saddle down into the wash.

For an hour he rode, sheltered by the sides of the wash. Then he reined out of the wash and cantered across the plain. His sharp eyes roved across the flats. There was no sign of life. To the left were clumps of mesquite trees, to the right a series of stone bluffs, flecked with the black, round openings of small caves.

Flip grinned as he saw a half-dozen rattlesnakes stretched out in sun-baked abandon on the flat rock ledge of a cave lip. There was a flash of feathers as a chaparral cock raced toward the rock. Flip chuckled as the rattlesnakes moved swiftly, slithering to safety. The chaparral-cock was a deadly enemy of the rattler. To watch it plant cactus leaves near a snake den to force them away was an education.

Flip moved on, grinning. He rode for hours. And then, just as he was reining in his mount, he saw it.

A flat lip of rock, with three rattlers stretched out on it. And in front of them, placing thorny cactus leaves, a chaparral bird. The snakes should be away from there, but they did not stir!



Flip examined them more closely.

"Dead ones? But what killed them? And —"

An idea came to him then. He went rigid, staring back over the dead snakes into the dark cave mouth behind them. Men might have killed those snakes and planted them as dummies there, to throw off anyone who would be looking for them. It made a good hideout, that cave. Cool in the day, and warm at night if a fire were rightly placed to draw.

Flip kneeed the gelding forward—

A thin red flame roared from the cave. Flip flung himself sideways. His trained hands went down and came up with his guns. He triggered them, firing straight into the black maw of the cave.

He heard a scream, and a steady flow of curses. A man, half-blind with the blood running down his forehead, staggered forward and fell prone. Another man followed, wanting to die in the sunlight.

Flip was off the gelding, running for the shelter of some rocks.

Bullets tossed the sand in high, spurting geysers all around him. He flung himself flat, rolled in back of a grotesque finger of rock that thrust up from the hard lava bed.

Calmly, Flip fired at the cave. He could hear the high whee-zing as his bullets ricocheted off the walls of the cave and, flattened, hurtled back and forth. Some of those flattened bullets would hit flesh. And when they did—

A man screamed in the cave. There was a death-rattle merging into the throbbing ululation. Another man swore heartily.

Someone yelled, "Yuh'll git yore's, law-man!"

He had them bottled up. They had to come out to get him, to come out into the flaming sunlight, where they would make good targets.

And come they did, with guns blazing!

Foremost came the badly wounded, knowing they were dying fast, willing to serve as shields for the sound ones coming after them. They had said in Cheyenne that Cactus Sam bossed a tough crew. Now, in the face of Flip's gunfire, they gave good proof of it.

Flip saw Cactus Sam behind the others. He fired at him and missed. And the outlaw found him with his sharp, rat-eyes. His outlaw guns blasted hot lead.

Something slammed into Flip and turned him around. A dark haze settled over his eyes as fiery agony started to glow in his shoulder. Cactus Sam had ruined his left shoulder with a lucky shot! Flip bit down on his teeth against the pain as he crawled closer to the rock. There was a slight vee of daylight in the ledge. On knees and a shaky hand, Flip rested his Colt in the vee.

He could see Cactus Sam and one of his men through the slit. He triggered his gun. The man to the right of the outlaw leader slid into a heap, but Cactus Sam was away and running into the shelter of the rocks behind him.

"Got to . . . go after him," Flip said through clenched teeth, dragging himself up by his hands on the rock. "Probably got his saddlers hidden somewhere behind that cave!"

A shrill whistle brought the white gelding at a fast canter. Flip lurched to the saddle, climbed into it. The wound in his shoulder was searing with pain. Through a red mist, Flip saw the sprawled, lifeless bodies of the outlaws. There were five of them, five badmen he had shot down. But the big one, the brains and the force of the gang, was getting away!

He jabbed a toe into the gelding's ribs. The white saddler flashed across the ground, his hooves spurring up sand. He dashed through the brush, whirled into a draw.

Cactus Sam was standing in front of his horse, two guns in his hands, and they were erupting in flame. He had been standing there, waiting, listening to the gelding's pounding hooves, knowing Marshal Flip Carson was coming closer, closer under the barrels of his guns. . . .

Flip went backwards out of his saddle—an old Indian trick. If you did it fast enough, the bullet might rake your chest but it wouldn't go into it. He did it fast enough so that Cactus Sam missed him altogether.

Then he was rolling on the ground, favoring his wounded shoulder. His right hand held a Colt and he was peering through slit eyes and a cloud of dust for the outlaw. He was standing there, seeking through the dust for a shot at Flip. Their guns exploded at the same moment.

Cactus Sam was going down, very slowly, bending at the knees, not putting his hands out. His face slid into the sand and he was very still.

Flip whispered, "He . . . got the . . . other shoulder . . . with his last shot . . ." He fell forward, helpless. He lay there for a long time, until the blazing sun went down and a cool breeze revived him.

His arms helpless, he doubled backwards and arose by knee and foot. He went and stood over the dead outlaw. He said, "Someday there won't be any more crime, Cactus. Until then, there have to be men like you and men like me. Reckon maybe us federal marshals can't always get our man alive—but we get 'em so they don't make any more trouble for anyone!"

He whistled. The gelding trotted forward. Reins in his mouth, Flip climbed into the saddle. He whispered, "You take me home, boy. I'm kind of . . . tired out. . . ."

The End





THE ADVANCING STREAM OF CIVILIZATION, LED BY THE GREAT RAILROADS THAT WERE TO OPEN UP THE VAST WEST, STRUCK A SNAG WHEN IT HIT THE HARD-CRUSTED RANCHERS. THE CATTLEMEN LIKED THE OPEN RANGES, AND WERE READY TO FIGHT TO KEEP THEM THAT WAY..

AS THEY PROVED TO TIM HOLT—WITH HATE AND HOT LEAD AND BLAZING GUNS,—WHEN TIM TRIED TO COME TO THE AID OF... THE RAILROAD AT APACHE ARROYO!

ROUNDUP TIME ON THE T BAR H RANCH...

EES EEN WAN BEEG, HURRY, TIM!

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR BOYS. HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG!

BOSS, SLAG ROGERS OF THE PANHANDLE RANCH IS STARTIN' A RIOT AGAINST THOSE PACIFIC RAILROAD SECTION HANDS! THERE'S PLENTY TROUBLE!

COME ON, CHITO!



I WAS AFRAID ROGERS WOULD STIR UP SOMETHING! HE THINKS THE RAILROAD WILL RUIN HIS CATTLE BUSINESS!

EES WAN SHORT-SIGHTED MAN TO FIGURE THAT, TIM.

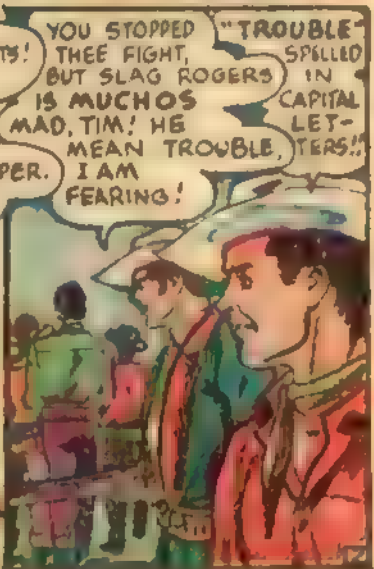
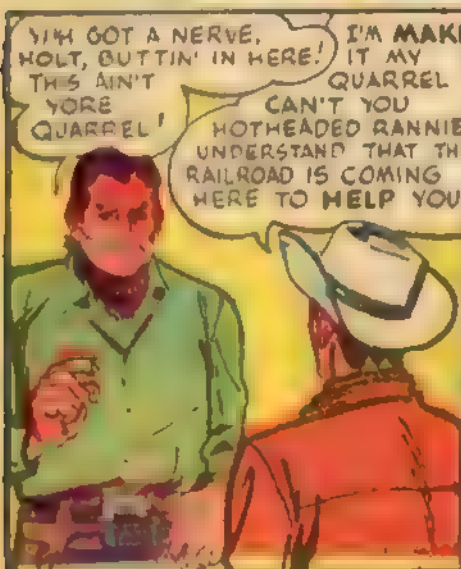
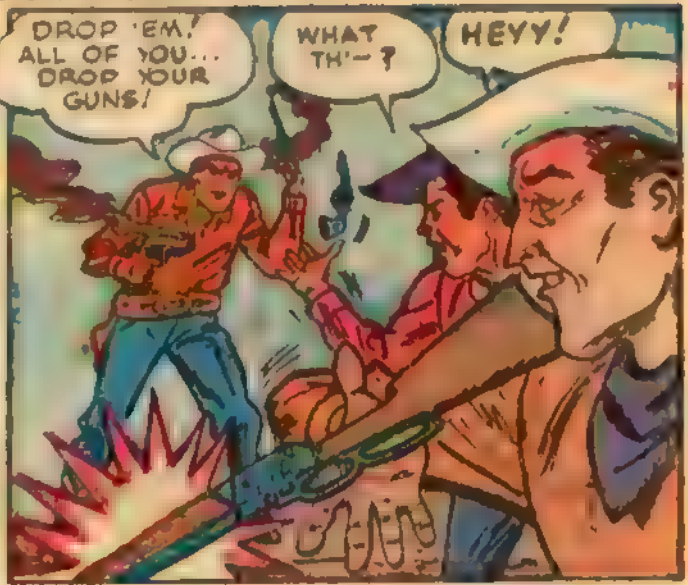
THEY HAVE THE HANDS PINNED INSIDE THAT SHACK!

WHAT WE DO, TIM? THERE ARE TOO MANY TO FIGHT!



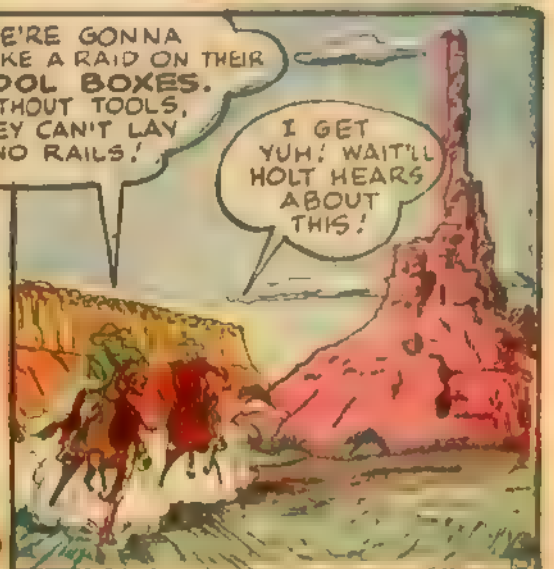
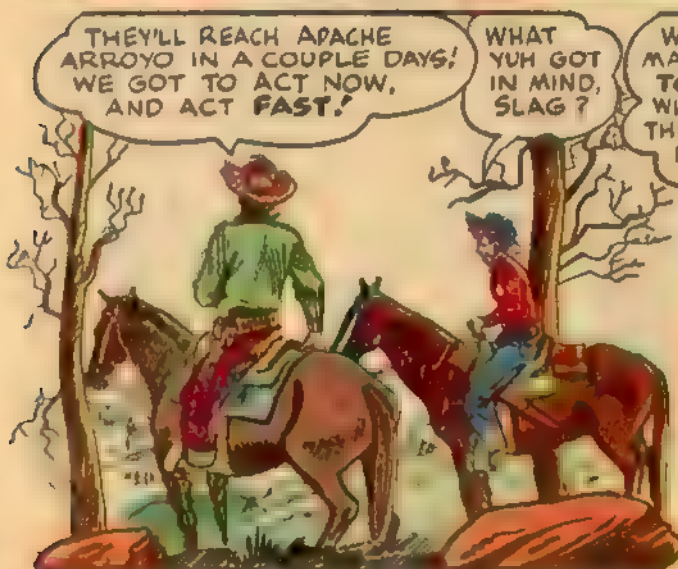
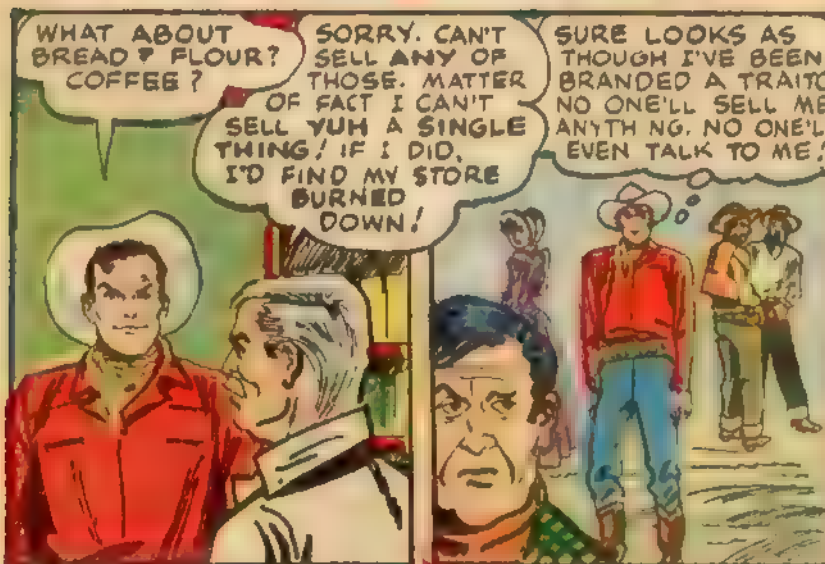
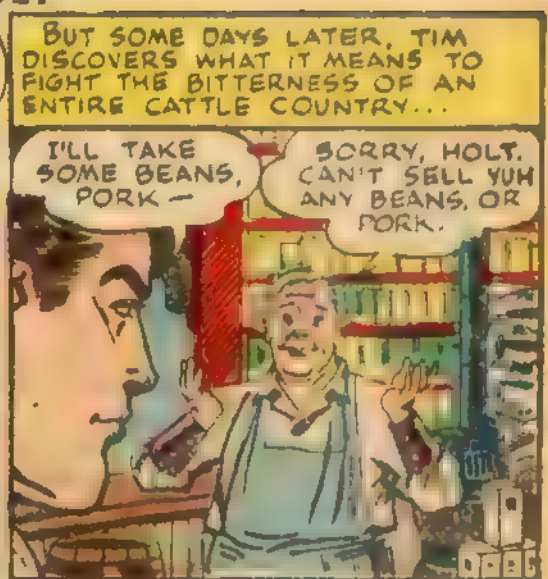
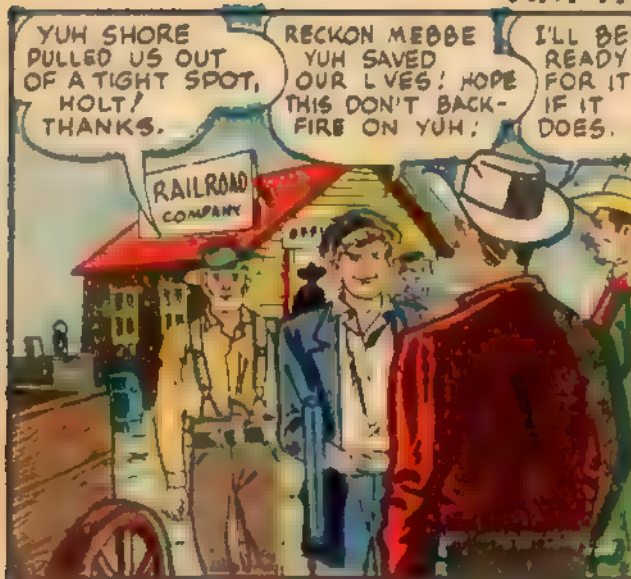


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





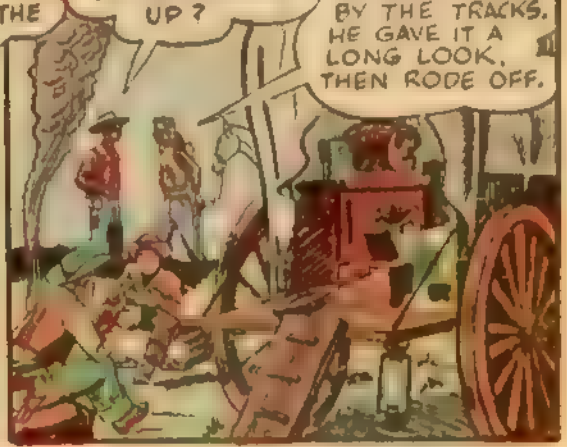
# TIM HOLT

BUT TIM IS NOT IDLE. ONE OF HIS T BAR H HANDS HAS HIS EYES GLUED TO A PAIR OF FIELD GLASSES...



HMMM... SLAG AND ONE OF HIS WADDIES! RECKON I'D BETTER LET TIM KNOW 'BOUT HIS INTEREST IN THE RAILROAD!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE T BAR H CHUCK WAGON---



HELLO, BILLY WHAT'S UP?

SAW SLAG ROGERS OVER BY THE TRACKS. HE GAVE IT A LONG LOOK, THEN RODE OFF.

IF I KNOW SLAG, HE'LL TRY TO PULL SOMETHING THAT HE CONSIDERS SMART. HE'LL NOT RISK HIS NECK, BUT WILL AIM AT SOMETHING SAFE--LIKE BURNING THEIR TOOL SHEDS!



AS THE PRAIRIE MOON RISES ABOVE THE MESAS

SOMEBODY GET THE MATCHES I GOT THE BRUSH HERE. WE'LL PILE IT UP AND SET FIRE TO IT!



THIS FIRE'LL BE SEEN A LONG WAYS, SO AS SOON AS IT'S GOIN' GOOD, WE'LL VAMOOSE!



A COLT CRACKS FROM THE DARKNESS AND THE MATCH SPLITS IN HALF!



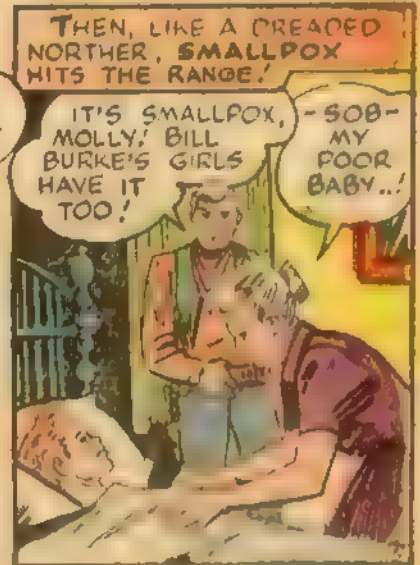
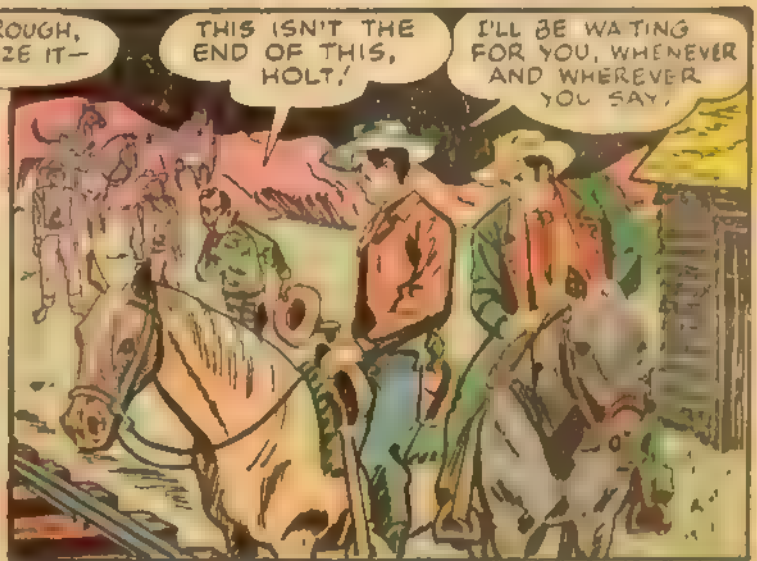
THUNDERATION! IT'S HOLT!

UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, ROGERS!





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

ON THE T BAR H ---

BILLY, YOU'D BETTER HUNT THE BUNKHOUSE YOU'VE COME DOWN WITH THE POX!

DOC, I RODE THIRTY MILES TO-- WHY, YOU'RE SICK YOURSELF!

SURE AM, TIM! THIS EPIDEMIC IS ALL OVER THE RANGE, AND SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE!

WITHOUT THE LOCAL DOC TO CHECK IT, THAT SMALLPOX CAN KILL A LOT OF RANCHERS! LIGHTNING, WE HAVE TO GET HELP, SO RUN YOUR FASTEST!

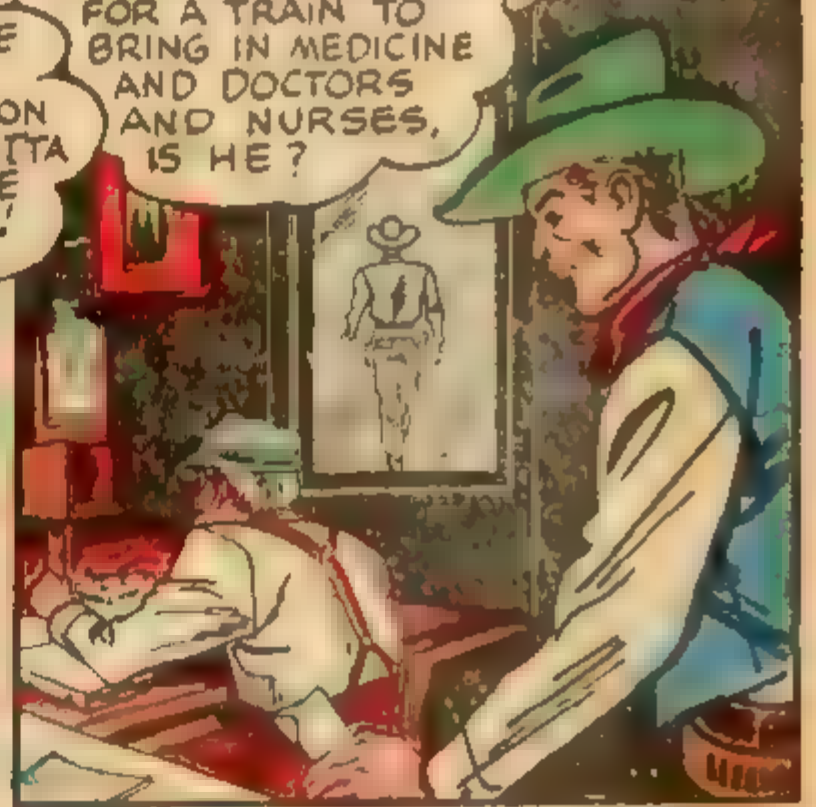


AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN APACHE ARROYO...

SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO THE STATE CAPITOL, POP!

SHORE WILL, TIM! RECKON THIS OUGHTTA GET SOME ACTION!

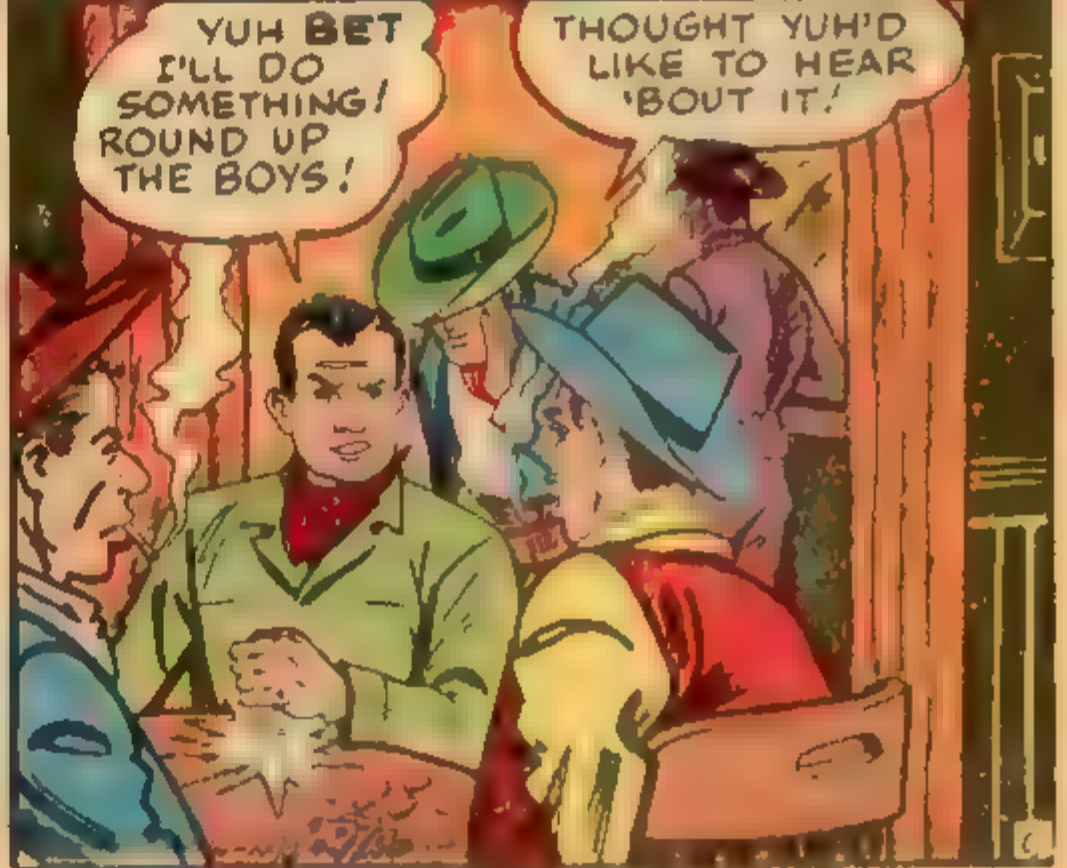
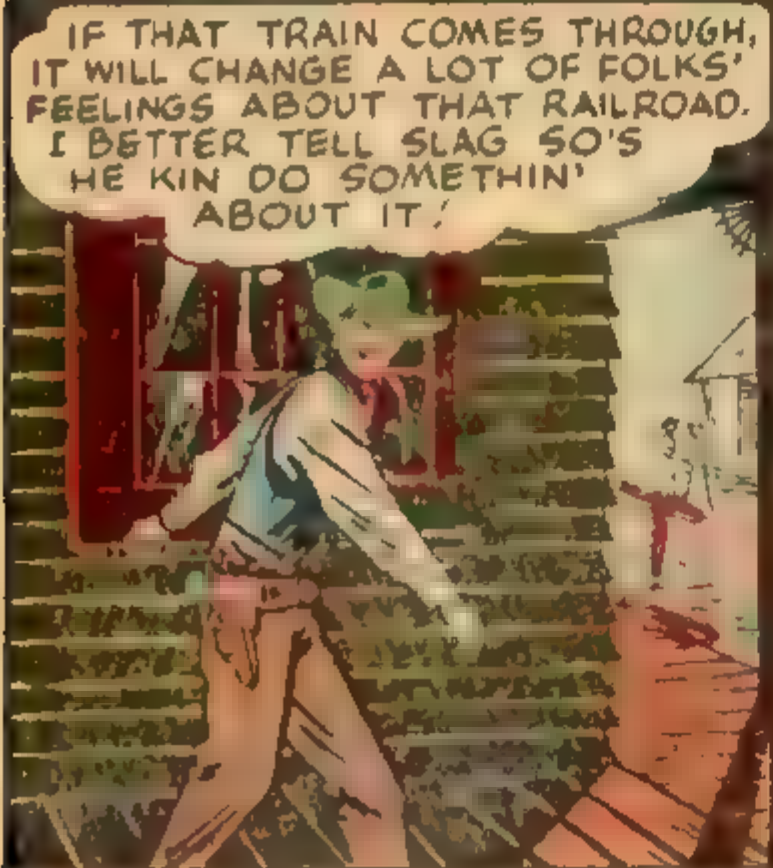
SO HOLT IS SENDIN' FOR A TRAIN TO BRING IN MEDICINE AND DOCTORS AND NURSES, IS HE?



IF THAT TRAIN COMES THROUGH, IT WILL CHANGE A LOT OF FOLKS' FEELINGS ABOUT THAT RAILROAD. I BETTER TELL SLAG SO'S HE KIN DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

YUH BET I'LL DO SOMETHING! ROUND UP THE BOYS!

THOUGHT YUH'D LIKE TO HEAR 'BOUT IT!





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



I'LL TEAR YUH APART, HOLT! I ALWAYS HATED YORE GUTS!



YOU'RE A BAD EGG, SLAG - AND YOU NEED SCRAMBLING!



HIGH ABOVE THE STONE FLOOR OF THE DEEP GAP, THE TWO LOCKED FIGURES REEL AND SWAY WITH THE FURY OF THEIR FIGHT!

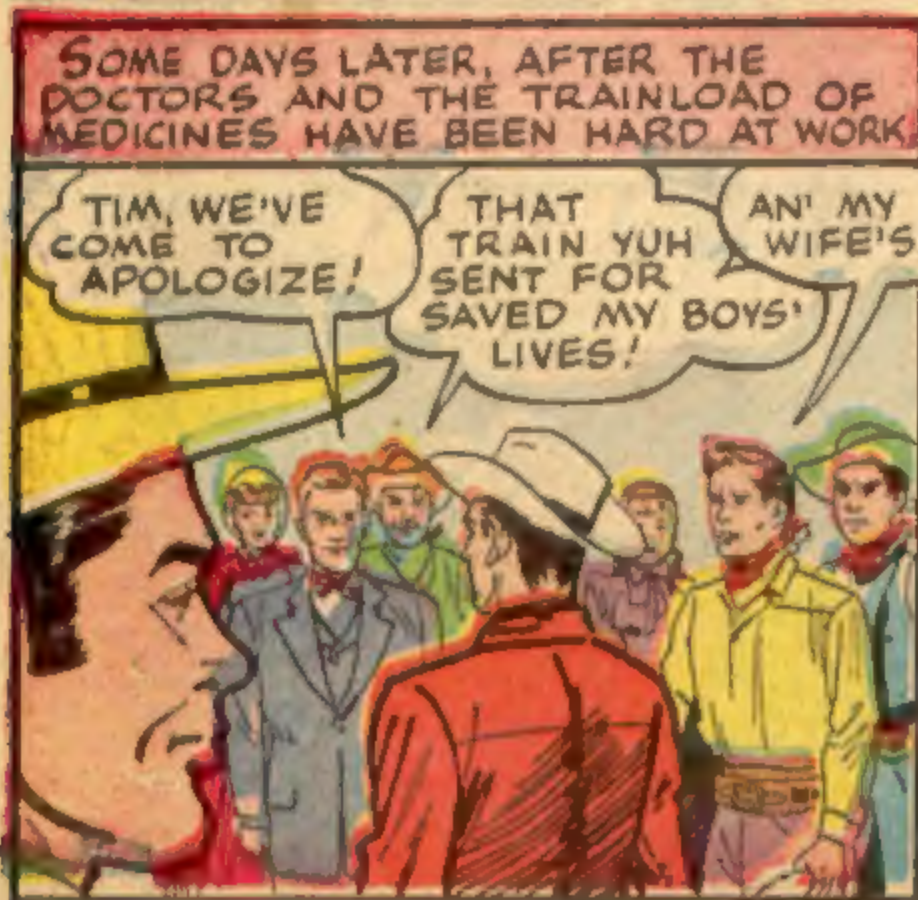


SUDDENLY, SLAG ROGERS WHIRLS TO FLEE - AND MISCALCULATES HIS STEP...

HIS FOOT SLIPPED!



EET WAS WAN PREETY FIGHT, TIM! WE COULD NOT SHOOT FOR FEAR TO HEET YOU! BUT WE DEESARM HEES BOYS. NOW I THEENK RAIL-ROAD BE HOKAY.



SOME DAYS LATER, AFTER THE DOCTORS AND THE TRAINLOAD OF MEDICINES HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK.

TIM, WE'VE COME TO APOLOGIZE!

THAT TRAIN YUH SENT FOR SAVED MY BOYS' LIVES!

AN' MY WIFE'S!



SOME FOLK CAN'T SEE THE TRUTH UNTIL IT HITS THEM OVER THE HEAD, CHITO!

ESPECIALLY WHEN EET HAVE A SO-GOOD MAN LIKE YOU TO DO THEE HEETING, TIM!

THE END



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